

The Misadventures of Ashachu and Friends

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Summary: When Ash, Misty, and Brock are turned into Pikachu by Team Rocket and the four Pikachu are then kidnapped and taken to America aboard a submarine, they must escape Team Rocket's sinister clutches and find a way to get back to normal.

The Misadventures of Ashachu and Friends

\*\*[Ash's POV]\*\*

"Ahh. It feels so good to sleep in a real bed for a change," Misty said.

"I'll say. It looks like tomorrow will be a nice day for Pokemon battling. Good thing, too, because the tournament is happening tomorrow. The Indigo League won't beat itself." I said.

"Yeah. This motel is nice to have a flatscreen television so we can get weather forecasts. Now let's all get some rest. I'm sure you'll need a clear head and quick thinking to be able to win tomorrow." Misty said.

I opened my mouth to say something, but she had already rolled over, beginning to fall asleep. The conversation was over. Girls were like that sometimes. Especially Misty in particular. I left her alone. We all needed some sleep.

I wasn't in bed when I woke up. Instead, I woke up on a hard surface feeling queasy inside. Ugh. Today was not the day to have a stomach virus. Not to mention the fact that I fell out of bed. But when I opened my eyes, they told a different story.

I was not on the patterned carpet floor of the motel, as expected. Instead, I was in a black cage with silver bars at the front for a door and a small barred window at the back facing a blank metal

bulkhead.

How did I get here? "Hello? Is anyone out there?" I asked. The sound echoed around the room. "Yeah, I'm here, Ash. How do we always get into these messes?" came the annoyed reply of an unfamiliar voice.

How did the voice know my name? I went over to the barred door on all fours due to the low ceiling and inspected the rest of the room. Opposite my cage, across a walkway, was Pikachu in its own crate. I saw another cage above Pikachu's, but couldn't make it out because of my cage. Why was it that Pikachu's cage seemed around the same size as mine? It was probably just a trick of distance.

When I looked down at the lock mechanism to see whether or not I could get it open, I nearly fainted when I saw my hand. It was small and yellow. No-no, it can't be! I let out a panicked scream and could feel my cheeks sparking. Soon, a powerful burst of electricity sprang from my body and bolts skittered all over the room. I soon exhausted all energy and blacked out.

\*\*[3\*\*\*\*rd\*\*\*\* Person on Team Rocket]\*\*

"Electrical disturbance in Cell Blockâ€"ermâ€| Cargo Hold A, Captain. Shall I go investigate the matter?" Meowth said to James, who was still elated from his and Jessie's recent victory. The lights and computers of the submarine control room flickered from a power surge even as he said this.

"Splendid. The Pikachu are waking up. Do you realize what this means, Jess? It means we've finally won! And the spoils are better than ever! Four healthy Pikachu, as well as three bags of Pokemon!" They high-fived as Meowth left the room to check on their recent acquisitions.

\*\*[Ash's POV]\*\*

I came to with a burning headache and pain all over my body. I felt as if I was being pricked by thousands of tiny pins and needles all over. Like when your leg falls asleep, but worse. Much worse.

Soon the pain subsided and I looked around. I was on my back, yellow paws and tail splayed out in odd directions. Yellow paws. The events of the day came rushing back to me now. I righted myself and looked around the room, which was virtually the same as it was before, unchanging fluorescent lighting on it all.

"It took you that long to figure out that you were a Pikachu? Sheesh, Ash. You are a bonehead. And you've got a nasty temper too." the same unknown voice said. I soon realized that it was, in fact, Pikachu who was doing the talking.

"Pâ€"Pikachu? But how can I understand you? And why are you being all smart with me?" I said.

"Ash, you're a Pokemon like me now! The way I see it, we're all on the same level at this point. There are a lot of things you just don't know about me, Ash. I'm not quite the lovable, puppy-eyed Pokemon you think I am. But that doesn't mean we can't still be friends."

"I know, Pikachu. But I feel terrible. When I came to, it was even worse."

"You splelched yourself too hard, Ash. I mean, you used up all your energy in that panicked Thundershock that you did. That's what knocked you out. I tried to warn you! Anyway, Meowth came in to check on the 'cargo' while you were out. He left this for us." Pikachu said.

I looked where Pikachu pointed in my cage and saw a metal bowl of white Pokemon food attached to the cage door beside the water jug. "I wouldn't eat it if I were you. It's probably drugged with sedatives." Pikachu added.

"You're probably right. How are we going to get out of here?" I said. I then looked at the cage lock. It didn't have those little knobs you see on most dog cages, but a bare plate with a keyhole on the other side.

My cheeks began to spark again. Maybe if I shot this thing, it would open. "Don't do that, Ash! It's magnetically sealed and if you shock it, it will just bounce back at you. I already tried. Looks like we'll just have to worry about escape later." Pikachu said.

Soon Misty roused and I heard her voice drifting down from the crate above Pikachu. "What's going on? Why am I in here? What happened?" \_Oh boy. \_I filled Misty in on what had happened.

Unfortunately, Misty's way of dealing with stress was to yell at people about little things. Sure enough, Misty went off. It was only a matter of time anyway. "It was your idea to stay in that motel back at Vermillion City! If we'd just stayed at the hotel we would have been safer! But of course, because we stayed at the motel, Team Rocket broke into our room and kidnapped us! Look where we are now! I'm a Pikachu!" she wailed.

Pikachu rolled his black eyes and said "Your bickering won't help anything. The fact of the matter is that we got ourselves captured, Misty."

"Who said that? I certainly don't want to be overheard by Team Rocket." Misty said. "I'm Pikachu, silly. You're a Pokemon now, remember? I can't get over how foolish you humans are. I'm just glad you didn't splelch yourself like Ash did. You should have seen him. Worst splelching I've ever seen. He looked like he'd just had the life Tased out of him."

"That sounds painful. But what happened to us? How did we wind up here? I know that they must have broken into our room and kidnapped us, but what happened then?" Misty asked.

"Well, I was roused by a disturbance around one. I went from Ash's bed and looked out the window. It was dark outside, so I didn't see anyone. But they came in through the balcony, which someone left unlocked, and bagged me. I couldn't see anything from inside the bag, but I heard the whispers of Team Rocket. They recited that motto of theirs." Pikachu said.

"Then I heard Jessie say 'Get the book, Meowth, before they wake up.'

I tried to get out of the bag to fight them, but they had already closed it shut and the bag was made from rubber. I heard James reciting a spell, and that's all I remember. The gas must cause Pokemon to temporarily black out."

"If it's anything like last time, the spell would wear off, right? But how in the world did they get Lily's book?" I said.

"I have a feeling they probably did something to the spell to make it permanent. Maybe they found Lily and forced her to write the spell as a permanent change," Pikachu said.

"It's entirely possible, I suppose. But all spells have an antidote of some kind. Just look at ancient lore! The Frog and the Princess! Beauty and the Beast!" I said.

"Perhaps you read too many fairy tales, Ash, but yes. Most spells have an antidote of some kind. It might be so hard to find, though, you'd search your entire life and never get close to finding it. So just relax for now and enjoy the ride. Not everyone gets to be both a human and a Pikachu in their life." Pikachu remarked.

Soon Brock woke up and we had to explain, for the third time, what had occurred. "What-? Where am I? Why am I in this cage?" he said as he woke up.

Pikachu, getting bored at having to explain what had happened over and over, sighed and put it simply as "I'm Pikachu. Brock, you, Misty, and Ash have been turned into Pikachu and we were captured by Team Rocket. Ash splelched himself hard but he's all right, except for being a Pikachu. Misty had a friendly argument with him after waking up. Don't eat the food, it might be drugged."

"What the heck is splelching? And why are my handsâ€| yellow? And how can you talk?"

"I already told you, Brock. You guys got turned into Pikachu and Ash went too far with a Thundershock at his realization of becoming one, causing him to be drained completely of energy. It's painful, I wouldn't try it. As for why I can talk, I think you already know the answer," Pikachu said.

"We'reâ€| underwater. I can feel it. Haven't lost my sea legs, have I?" Misty said.

After a few more hours of travel, the submarine stopped. "We've stopped! I wonder where we are now?" I said.

"Probably nowhere good," Brock said.

Sure enough, soon Jessie, James, Meowth, and one dockworker boarded the submarine and took the cages off the vessel. When Jessie picked up my cage, it jostled around and I was put off-balance, falling to the back of the cage and hitting my head on the hard plastic in the process. This was going to be a nightmare.

I clung on to the bars of the small back window for dear life. Soon, bright fluorescent lighting flooded into my cage, and the swaying stopped as Jessie set the cage down. "Well, it seems my shipment has finally arrived. These ought to be some great specimens for me to

work with," a voice hissed from above me.

"I'm sure of it. After all, a taxidermist doesn't come across Pikachu that often, I'm sure. And quite fair-looking ones at that!" said a voice I recognized as James.

Taxidermist? Anything but that! That's a horrible way to go! I thought to myself. "Shall we have a look at them? I do want to see if they've arrived intact, as you've promised." said the taxidermist.

"Quite, quite. Here's the first one!" Jessie crooned. She unlocked my cage and reached inside for me. I edged away from the hand, but in the end I was grabbed by the scruff of my neck and hauled out of the cage. "Ooh, heavier than I thought." Jessie said as she put in the second hand to help support my weight. Both hands were gloved with rubber work gloves, so I couldn't harm them in any way.

I was set on top of the cage, where the taxidermist, a well-dressed, monocled individual with a top hat and suit, looked me over with close scrutiny. It was unnerving. His monocled eye seemed as if it was staring straight into my heart. But I couldn't attempt to escape, for Team Rocket had released their Arbok and Weezing to make sure that didn't happen.

"This is a fine specimen. Let me see the other three." said the taxidermist, whose name was Dr. Mancey according to the silver name tag pinned to his frock suit. I was returned to my cage and then Misty was removed from her cage.

This proceeded on, but I couldn't see anything because I was inside the cage. It was only until Pikachu went up for examination that something remarkable happened. "He's not unique like the rest of them. This one's just a regular Pikachu. I'll have the other three, but not this one." Dr. Mancey said.

"We were planning on keeping that one anyway. We have other uses for it." Jessie said. No! I don't want to leave you too! I thought. Tears began to stream from my eyes. Team Rocket would probably use him for experiments and corrupt him with psychological conditioning.

The money and keys to the cages were exchanged, and just as I saw Jessie go to put Pikachu back in his cage he let off a surprise blast of electricity more powerful than mine, striking Jessie and James and sending them flying, but he didn't sblech.

Instead, I saw him fall from Jessie's grasp as I heard them yell "Looks like Team Rocket's blasting off again!" and scurry for cover back inside the submarine. "Infernal creatures. May as well get to work on these." Dr. Mancey said.

Pikachu, where are you when I need you? Our cages were loaded onto an old cargo van from the 1940s and Dr. Mancey slammed the back doors shut, locking them. He got in the vehicle and started it with a roar, and then I heard a chink and scrape of metal on metal.

\*\*[Pikachu's POV]\*\*

There was enough weapons and equipment inside that submarine to arm

ten people, for some reason. I found a grappling hook and climbed back out the open hatch. \_Cue the spy movie music! \_

I launched the hook at the taxidermist's black van. It wasn't easily missable. After all, how many 1946 Chevrolet panel vans do you see at a port in 2016? Its prongs hit the van and scraped down the back door's paint with a horrid screech. \_Dr. Mancey is going to be real mad when he sees what I've\_ \_done to his car! \_I thought to myself and smirked.

The grappling hook secured itself on the chrome bumper and I was dragged to the van as it began to move. I stepped up onto the bumper and jumped up to shatter the back glass with an Iron Tail, leaping through the opening. "Whatâ€?" Dr. Mancey said from the front seat, but because he needed to pay attention to the road ahead he didn't look back for long.

"Pikachu, Iâ€!" started Ash. "Shh! The name's Bond. James Bond." I whispered, smiling to myself. I needed to get that key ring, but it was looped around a belt loop on Dr. Mancey's pants. In order to get it, I would need to rip it free, but then Dr. Mancey would notice. But what could he do about it while driving? I secured my mouth around the metal keyring, and pulled.

\*\*[Ash's POV]\*\*

The taxidermist tried to fight off Pikachu and get the key ring back, but it was a little hard being that he had to keep control of the van. He rounded a bend and parked it at his shop, and then the battle went up a notch.

Dr. Mancey was trying to grab hold of Pikachu so he could take the keys and put Pikachu in his cage. Pikachu was dodging his lunges with speed moves. It was a battle that would only be won when one opponent grew weary.

Just then, I heard the familiar crackle and pop of electricity about to be released. \_Please don't tell me I'm spleching again. \_But it was instead Pikachu who had released the blast. "And he's down for the count!" Pikachu said.

"We don't have much time to lose. Pikachu, let us out of here so we can help get Dr. Mancey in there before he wakes back up." I said.

Pikachu put each key in the corresponding keyhole and turned them, and we were free. "This is going to be a bit tricky. Everyone needs to pitch in when I say, or Dr. Mancey will be too heavy. Grab hold of his limbs." Misty said.

We got Dr. Mancey inside his store and put him on the floor behind the counter. When he came to, he'd probably think it was a dream. It was only after we'd set him down that I noticed the surroundings.

The store was full of stuffed animals. Real ones. Their unseeing gaze remained affixed in place, glass eyes in place of their real counterparts. I passed a Ninetales that was done expertly in the moment it was using an attack.

\_This place is creepy. I don't want to stay here a moment longer than necessary. \_I thought as I shivered even when my Pikachu fur kept me warm. "Let's go. We need to find a Professor or a witch who knows how to change us back," I said to Pikachu.

"But how? We don't even know where the heck we are, and no one here can drive, right?" Brock said.

"Look, it's the Coit Tower! We must be in America, then!" Misty said, looking out the bay window of the shop.

"So? President Trump couldn't help us," Pikachu said.

"I've always wanted to go to America, and now I have! And in the beautiful coastal city of San Francisco too. The land of the brave, the home of the free," Misty said.

"Misty, perhaps you've forgotten, but you're a Pikachu. Pikachu don't go on world tours. Whatever you're planning on doing, it'll just have to wait." Brock said.

"But that's not the problem here. The problem is how we're going to get anywhere in this city without a car. It might be too dangerous to go on foot because we're too small to be seen by people in fast-moving vehicles." Pikachu said.

"So? Pikachu driving cars is probably just as dangerous, if not more. Besides, does anyone even know how to drive in here?" Brock said.

"I played Forza 6 at one point. It couldn't be that much different, could it?"

"Wait. So you played Forza 6?"

"It's a long story." Pikachu said.

"Let's go on foot. It's the only way!" said Brock.

We headed out. I was eager to have left the taxidermist's place. Outside, the scene in San Francisco looked like Saffron City, but much busier. Cars clogged the streets, and we had to weave through crowds of people sometimes.

Among those people was an attractive woman, and Brock began to make his way through the crowd towards her. He was stopped by Misty grabbing him by his neck with her paw, immobilizing him. He struggled a little but stayed put. "You're not going anywhere," Misty remarked.

Just then my stomach growled, reminding me of the fact that none of us had eaten all day. "What about food? None of us have eaten all day, and I feel like I could pass out from starvation any second now!" I said.

"Oh, Ash, you're too much like your old self. Can't you just take being hungry for once?" Pikachu said.

"We could pool the money we have. I have some." I said.

"Ash, don't you think people would freak out if they saw a Pikachu

trying to buy food? I can't get over how dense you are. In all the years you've had me, have you ever seen me walk up to some random cashier at a McDonald's and say 'Hello, I'd like one Big Mac with a side order of fries,'? I don't think that happens too often, even in America."

"Hmm, I guess you're right. It's a wonder no one has taken notice of four Pikachu walking down the street as it is," I said.

"You just had to say that, didn't you?" Pikachu said. Sure enough, three figures were now standing in front of us. The crowd parted from the sudden disturbance.

"Prepare for trouble!"

"And make it double!"

"To protect the world from devastation!"

"To unite all people under one nation!"

"To denounce the evils of truth and love!"

"To extend our reach to the stars above!"

"Jessie!"

"James!"

"Team Rocket, blast off at the speed of light!"

"Surrender now or prepare to fight!"

"Meowth, that's right!"

"Hand over the Pikachu! Or should I say, hand yourselves over! Muahaha!" Jessie said.

"You're not going to get us again without a fair fight." I said.

"Hmm? What was that? I'm afraid we don't speak Pikachu!" James said, the two laughing at our misfortune.

"Now, hand yourselves over, or we'll have to use force!" Jessie said.

"The answer is clear: surrender, of course!" James said.

Because we objected, Team Rocket released their Pokemon. "Weezing, Arbok, go!"

"They won't be around much longer, boss. We've got them cornered!" hissed the Arbok.

Sure enough, they were herding us into a dead-end alleyway. This would be my first battle as a Pokemon. And it wasn't looking good for us, either. Pikachu was tangled up in repelling Arbok's poison bullets, and then James shouted "Weezing, use Smog!" The familiar black smoke spewed from its mouth. Except this time I was the

target, not Pikachu.

"Ash, do something!" Misty called. She and Brock were pressed against the dead-end, not knowing what to do. "I'm trying!" I said. I'd done it before, but that was just out of pure instinct. This time I needed to do it for real.

My cheeks sparked a little, but it never came. The smoke's poisonous tendrils came closer and closer. The whole event took place in just a few seconds, but I would remember it as minutes.

"Pika!" I screamed as the raw power came from my body. When the two sides met it looked like the scene in Harry Potter where Harry fought Voldemort in the graveyard. Electricity on smoke, dissolving one another.

Weezing, apparently caught off-guard by the strength of my attack, bolstered the amount of smoke coming from it to cope. The electricity got closer to it, but as Weezing adjusted it returned to more of a median. I still had the upper hand from Weezing's mistake though.

Just then, the last billows of smoke issued from Weezing's mouth and it coughed up air. Good thing too, because I was almost at the end of my strength myself. Weezing was Thundershocked when it let down its smoke and fell to the ground, knocked out. "Weezing, return!" James said as it disappeared in a burst of red light.

I had been so focused on the attack that I was completely oblivious to the scene around me. Arbok had already been beaten and was gone, and everyone simply looked at me with their black or normal eyes in surprise.

"That was awesome." I said.

"Everyone, let's send Team Rocket packing!" Pikachu shouted.

"No, please no!" James said, seeing what we were about to do. The three ran to escape the alley. I and the others ignored him.

We all got together and Pikachu started the chain reaction. The energy jumped from one to another and set off everyone's electricity. A bystander on the other side of the street could see a massive explosion in the alley as we let off a huge blast of electricity.

"Looks like Team Rocket's blasting off again!" the three blackened forms yelled as they flew off into the sky. "Now that should keep them away for a while." Pikachu said. Just then, an individual came into the alley. He was well-dressed.

Him again?! I thought. But as he came closer, I realized that he was, in fact, someone else. This man had a frock suit and dress shoes on like the taxidermist, but the similarities ended there. His hair was brown-colored and shaggy, and extended in a beard on his chin.

"Well, I never. Four Pikachu on their own like this. They must have gotten themselves lost. After all, no Pikachu stays uncaptured in a city like this," the man said to himself.

"Ok, I was wonderingâ€|" I started, before Misty's hand slid over my mouth. "He can't understand us, remember?"

"I challenge you to a battle. Ivysaur, go!" the man said. \_Oh snap. "Ivysaur, use Vine Whip!" he called. I tried to dodge it, but its vine hit me anyway, knocking me off my feet. I just fought off the evil Team Rocket, and now I was getting my butt whipped, literally, by this guy?

"You don't stand a chance," the Ivysaur said as I staggered back to my feet. "Ivysaur, use Sleep Powder while it's weak!" called the man. The Ivysaur released the fine dust from its flower and it cascaded around me. I tried to use this opening for a Thundershock, but suddenly felt unusually drowsy.

I heard the muddled voice of the man. "Pikachu can no longer battle! I win! Now, who'sâ€|" I was sucked inside a Pokeball as I drifted off and the outside world could no longer be heard.

"Ash! Ash, wake up!" someone said. I opened my eyes and saw Pikachu and Misty standing over me. "You've been asleep all day. Why don't you get something to eat, now that you're up? You haven't eaten for two days now." Misty said.

My stomach rumbled in agreement at this. "Yeah, I suppose I will." I said. The grog of the sleeping powder still laying over me, I jumped from the bed and had a look at the food dish that had been set out in the kitchen. Pikachu walked over with me, apparently looking for a drink.

>"Mr. Peck and his Ivysaur beat you all. I was the only one with the skill to take him on. When I won, I insisted on coming with you. After all, friends are forever." Pikachu said.<p>

"Is Mr. Peck that person who beat me yesterday?"

"Yep. He seems to be a likable fellow. I already told him with flash cards the story. He, after getting over the shock, said that the CoitTower might have some significance."

"You should have waited for me to wake up before doing that!" I said.

"Eh, wouldn't have made that much of a difference. But we should leave soon, since night fast approaches and the ritual must be done during a full moon." Pikachu remarked.

"Ritual? Where did you hear of a ritual?" I asked Pikachu.

"San Franciscan legend says that to get what one desires, they must go to the top of the CoitTower and kiss a fair maiden. There a ghost resides who will grant your wish, if your heart is as pure as the rock from which the tower was hewn."

"Where did you find this out? I don't think there are any witches or anything like that around, unless you just happened to bump into some witch out of all the people of San Francisco." I said.

"Okay, okay, Ash. I lied. I got all this information from the Internet. But either way, this could mean something."

"Pikachu, the Internet isn't always the best place to look, especially with this topic. And how did you get to a computer anyway?"

"I used Mr. Peck's Hewlett-Packard when he wasn't looking. Anyway, let's eat."

The Pokemon food looked unappetizing to me. It resembled packing peanuts that were brown-colored. But after a minute or two my growling stomach convinced me and I ate up. It was actually surprisingly good-tasting.

We exited Mr. Peck's apartment since he seemed to have left us to our own devices when he left to teach a class, and went to the CoitTower. The journey was pretty uneventful, for we were hidden by the crowds of people and, when there were none, went for cover.

When we arrived in the small garden near the CoitTower, two individuals jumped down from a ledge onto the paved stone roundabout and stood in front of us. "That was brilliant, Klutch. It seems we have them trapped in this courtyard! Victory is surely ours now!"

Sure enough, the gates behind us were slammed shut by a Team Rocket grunt as they spoke. "It's Butch, dummy!" said Butch.

"Enough funny business, you twerps\_. We will succeed where those two chuckleheads and their pussycat failed." Cassidy said.

"Prepare for trouble!"

"And make it double!"

"To infect the world with devastation!"

"To blight all people in every nation!"

"To denounce the goodness of truth and love!"

"To extend our wrath to the stars above!"

"Cassidy!"

"And Butch, of course!"

"We're Team Rocket, circling Earth day and night!"

"Surrender to us now or you'll surely lose the fight!"

"Let's do this the old-fashioned way. Houndour, go!" Butch said.

"Raticate, go!" Cassidy said.

They released two Pokeballs and out came the fire dog and the mouse. They seemed bigger than I remembered, but, then again, I was a Pikachu. Their enlarged forms also seemed more frightening than ever.

"Pikachu, take Houndour! You know what to do!" I yelled. The Raticate bounded over to me as Pikachu got into the battle with Houndour. "You want to play? I'll play." I said as the rat came closer.

I made like I was trying to escape its bite, but at the last moment whirled around and shot it with a blast of electricity. It was not as big as the blast that had beaten Weezing, but it was enough to get it off its feet.

"Raticate, use Quick Attack!" Cassidy commanded. The Raticate disappeared from view just as I was about to shoot it with a large blast. The electricity glanced uselessly on the ground, and I suddenly felt an excruciating pain around my hindquarters.

The Rattata was on top of me in an instant, pinning me to the ground and preventing escape. "Rattata, use Hyper Fang!" Cassidy instructed. This would finish me off! Just as the Rattata's sharp teeth grazed my flesh, its body flew off of me in a burst of electricity. "No! Rattata, return!" Cassidy screamed.

Misty was standing near me, cheeks still sparking. "It justâ€| happened. I don't know how, but it just came over me."

"Thanks, Misty. Look over there, though!" I shouted. Sure enough, Houndour was gaining the upper hand against Pikachu. It was all he could do to keep Houndour's Flamethrower at bay. Just then, the Houndour stopped its attack and howled. Just as Pikachu prepared to shock it with all he had, the Houndour lunged forward, baring its teeth.

"Ash! Go! It's too late to save me! Do it beforeâ€"!" Pikachu shouted as the Houndour closed in. I looked away and ran for the Tower with Misty and Brock when I heard Pikachu's screams of agony as the Houndour tore into him. Soon I heard the snapping of bones and he was silent.

I could still hear the cackling of Butch and Cassidy as we made our way up the stairs. Tears falling heavily from my eyes, I realized what I must do. There a ghost resides that will grant your wish, if your heart is as pure as the rock from which the tower was hewn. Pikachu's words resounded in my mind. I'm not quite the lovable, puppy-eyed Pokemon you think I am. But that doesn't mean we can't still be friends.

Looking out one of the arches atop the tower, I saw the situation unfolding down on the ground. Butch and Cassidy were taking Pikachu's body and putting him inside a cage. Apparently he was still alive, or they would probably just leave him there.

"Ash, no! There are other ways than that!" Misty said as I stepped closer to the edge. She must have thought I was trying to jump. But what I was about to do might come close to the same effect.

In order to send Team Rocket blasting off again at this distance and save Pikachu, I'd need to splech myself more than ever before. I braced myself. "Ashâ€| CHUUU!" The electricity came from my body. The last thing I remember before blacking out was Butch and Cassidy yelling "Looks like Team Rocket's blasting off again!" while Misty kissed me with her Pikachu lips. The wish! I forgot about the wish!

"Ash, wake up," commanded a soft but powerful voice. "Am I dead?" I asked. I tried to get to my feet before realizing I was still in my Pikachu body. "I am Bettris. You are in a space between the living and the dead. I have to say, you put up a pretty good fight down there," the same voice said.

It was dark in this strange realm. No light except that from me and Bettris illuminated the place, which seemed to be an endless black plane stretching on forever in all directions.

"Then I'm a ghost?" I asked. The speaker came closer, and I got a better look at her. She had flowing brown hair, and wore a dress that looked like something that would have been worn in the 1800s.

"For the time being, yes. You still need to make your wish, though. That was an honorable sacrifice for your friend, you know. Your fate is uncertain from here," Bettris answered.

"I wish that all my friends get turned back. And could you stop Team Rocket from messing with us?" I said.

"Sorry, only one wish."

She began to utter an incantation and her hair whirled in a powerful gust of wind. Her palms glowed, and I heard a pop. She said "Your first wish was granted!"

A few moments later, I heard a loud wailing coming from somewhere. It called my name in between sobs and I recognized the voice as belonging to Misty. "Looks like you're wanted, Ash. Alive."

"What happened?" I asked as I opened my eyes. Misty and Brock, back in human form, stood over me. "How did you guys get so big?" Then the pain from splelching set in. "Ouch." I simply said.

"ASH! You were dead! You were dead!" Misty said, scooping me up in her arms. A yellow ear, tipped with black, flopped in front of my vision. Shoot. I'm still a Pikachu! I thought. "We got turned back, but for some reason you stayed. You're just so cute!" Misty said as she petted me on the head.

"Okay, okay, no need for that." I said. Actually, it seemed to feel good. Comforting the pain, even. But she paid no heed. Of course. There was now a language barrier. But then her bad side kicked in, as always.

"Ash! You gave me the scare! First I thought you were trying to jump, and then you killed yourself to save Pikachu! Assuming he's still alive, after that good thrashing the Houndour gave him!" Misty yelled.

Because of being jostled around and yelled at, I electrocuted her. Brock laughed when all of Misty's hair stood on end. She shot me a look. That's one good thing about being a Pikachu, I can finally get revenge when she does that. I smirked and ran on all fours towards the stairway, beckoning for the others to follow. I wanted to see how Pikachu had fared.

We went back downstairs and left the Coit Tower, going back into the garden. The sheer destruction that had occurred here during the battle hit home when I saw it again. The flowerbeds had been trampled on, the statue blackened, and a bush was uprooted.

I ran over to Pikachu's lifeless form that was by the statue. He must have been blown over here by my attack. When I got closer, I saw how hurt he was. His body was scarred in deep bite marks and scratches, and his fur was mostly black from being burned by the Houndour.

"Pikachu! No!" I shouted. No one answered but the howling of the wind. I nuzzled down next to him, trying to find any signs of life. There were none. My electric attack must have accidentally finished Pikachu off. "No! No. Not you." I said despondently, laying down my head beside Pikachu's lifeless corpse, tears creating tracks of wet fur down my face.

"We need to go." Misty said. Sure enough, a few Ford Police Interceptors branded with the City of San Francisco logo pulled up, sirens wailing. The policemen got out and began roping off the battleground as Misty picked me up and took me away from Pikachu's body. She and Brock turned to leave, despite my struggling to get free of her arms.

Just then, I noticed one of Pikachu's ears perk up from behind the bush. Sure, it could be just reflex as the electricity within his body discharged, but I wasn't taking any chances. "Aâ€"Ash!" Misty shouted as I wriggled free of her grasp and went back over.

Sure enough, Pikachu was back, but he seemed to be caught in a lapsing hallucination. "Nice doggy. Not nice doggy! Houndour, no! No! Anything but that! Noooo!" he screamed. Apparently he was reliving his death, and I was Houndour. "Nice doggy. Not nice doggy. Houndour, no! Noâ€|" he repeated, voice growing weaker.

Misty walked over and said "He's not himself. Come on, we need to get him to the PokemonCenter to get those wounds treated. Be careful, Brock." Misty said.

"Well I never have seen such devotion in a Pikachu before. Almost as if one cannot live without the other," one of the police officers muttered to another.

"Yeah. It's strange. You've got me, Sheriff," the deputy replied.

We went to the PokemonCenter as quickly as possible. Pikachu was in such bad shape that he could slip away again at any moment without sufficient treatment. Misty had me in her arms, and kicked the door open. "We've got an emergency here!" she shouted as we hurried in the door.

"Oh my. I'll get help immediately," said the nurse, who looked just like every other PokemonCenter nurse I'd met. Soon a stretcher came in through the door, wheeled in by the healing Pokemon, and the nurse took Pikachu from Brock and put him on the stretcher, which disappeared beyond the double doors once again. "We'll do what we canâ€|" the nurse said before going behind the double doors again.

We were seated on a long row of chairs, and I sat on Misty's lap, being stroked. "That Pikachu is a cutie. He looks so different from any I've seen!" a little girl who was waiting for her Pokemon to get back said. I rolled over, let Misty give me a belly rub, and gave a sigh of contentment. Life was good.

About two days later, Pikachu came back through the doors, looking good as new. "It took a while to get it out of its hallucinations, but it's fine now," said the nurse. "Oh, Pikachu!" I said as we hugged. "It's good to be back. I love you, Ash. For once I'm glad you're so dense. Don't hug me so hard like that, I might refracture a rib!" Pikachu said. I laughed, and everyone went "Aww!" in response to the display of affection unfolding in front of them.

Just then, a bright light shined, and Bettris appeared. I was pushed off the bed and I fell on the floor, where a yellow mist fumed around me and filled the room. Everyone started coughing.

When the mist cleared, I was standing up on two legs again. "That's a relief. I was getting worried I was going to be a Pikachu the rest of my life," I said.

Everyone simply stood around, mouths open. They were speechless. "Pika!" said Pikachu to break the silence. Everyone laughed at this. Misty patted me on the back. "We're back in business!" she said. I noticed Bettris wink from the corner of my eye.

We got the Pokemon back that had been stolen from us by Team Rocket in the submarine. They were all there. I slung the bag over my shoulder and said to Misty "Well, we'd better be getting back to Kanto. Now we have a nuclear sub, and we can go anywhere! Anywhere we want."

"But who's gonna pi-Wuh?" Misty started before being cut off when the hatch closed and the alarms sounded as the submarine went underwater. Apparently Pikachu knew how to pilot a submarine, for the only other people on board were me, Misty, and Brock, and they were in this room. As he'd said: There are a lot of things you just don't know about me, Ash.

I was in the Cargo Hold A, where our journey had started. Before I went back to the control room with the others, I looked down at the floor. A tuft of yellow hair that I must have shed was sitting on the metal walkway. I picked it up and smiled, pocketing the hair in my jacket. That was something to keep.

Sure enough, Pikachu had donned a captain's hat that was slightly too big for him, and had his paws on the controls when we got inside. "Iâ€"Just don't get us sunk." Misty said. "Pika pika. Chu!" Pikachu turned his head to and fro, saying no, and pointed at the rest of the controls. A submarine couldn't be run by just the captain.

\*\*The End...?\*\*

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file.